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OUT OF THE DEPTHS.

BY WILLIS B. ALLEN.

O God, I am weary, mine eyes cannot see Thee; I stumble and fall on the road; My feet are so tired, my heart so disengaged, No comfort, no sunlight, no God!

Like as a father, pitiful, merciful, — Hark, the sweet voice by the sea, — Thou art laden and longing for comfort, Come weary child... come to Me!

Jesus, I know Thy voice, And long to come, But I am blind and lame, And far from home.

Though the night is dark, be brave! Patience, courage, I am with thee! In the darkness follow closely, 'Twas the weak and not the mighty That the healer came to save.

ALL THEIR TEARS AND ALL THEIR HEART-ACHE Jesus knows; And He pities — as a father — Such as those.

IN CAMP — AUGUST, 1882.

BY REV. MARK TRAFTON, D. D.

First let me talk with this philosopher — What's the cause of thunder? I'll talk a word with this same learned Theban — What's your study?"

Well, we have now entered the great university of Nature, where every curiously-veined leaf is a volume over which one may pore for days and find but mystery; where Art closes her shop and studio, flings away the pencil, the chisel and brush, and stands abashed in the presence of one greater than Art — Nature. Behind us we have left all copies, all imitations, all semblances, all hollow affectations and cold conventionalities, all fashionable frivolities; and here we are, unlaiced, unbound, and free! Apparel, which not one of us would have put on at home, is worn with an easy grace that a Chesterfield might envy; manners, so easy and unconstrained as would at once fix every eye in a queen's drawing-room. We have ascended to the primitive condition of humanity. The tired, grief-scorched brain feels the soothing, quieting influence of a perfect repose. We unconsciously fall into the new and common-sense method of the treatment of nervous prostration, where the patient is first reduced to a physical condition as near as possible to that in which he started in this life race, and then is gradually toned up.

What a splendid situation this would be for a nervous sanitarium! Send the patient, with a good nurse, into these solitudes. Pure air and water, silence, balmy fragrance of balsamic trees — so much to attract attention, yet no exhaustion from application. If tempted to "shuffle off this mortal coil" and "his quietus make with a bare bodkin," here is every facility for reaching the end. But the very ease with which it may be accomplished "baffles the will, and makes us rather bear the ills we have" than go out of the world in this all-surrounding solitude and create so slight a sensation. If one says, "I will wade off into the pathless woods and at the root of some venerable old tree lay me down and die," one would not get a hundred rods from camp into the dark, overwhelming solitude before he would begin to search his pockets to be sure of having brought his compass to find the way back to camp. Or, if the better way would seem to be to fill one's pocket with rocks, and quietly paddle out into the lake and accidentally slip overboard, before the pockets were half filled they would be quickly emptied again by the thought, "If the canoe should happen to upset, I should go to the bottom like a stone." No, poor sufferers do not suicide here!

We slipped out in the twilight and brought in trout enough for breakfast, though we should have had our breakfast all the same, trout or no trout. Our larder is simply luxuriant; as one of the company said, "If I cannot have the comforts of life, give me the luxuries," reminding one of poor Marie Antoinette, who, when told that the Parisians had no bread, replied, "Why don't they eat cake?" The practice of canning all edibles, even to baked pork and beans, has entirely changed the style of life in the woods. We in the olden time used to speak of "roughing it" in the woods; now, Parker or Delmonico

would stand abashed by our table. From a Dutch cheese to chow-chow, be-d——d ham, and pickled lamb's tongue (that ham don't sound just right, now it's written; it's "be" something, though I never ate the stuff — Oh, it's "be-deviled," probably from the swamping at Gadara), everything that the ingenuity of Cooper could create from flour and corn meal, both white and yellow (President Pierce was so disgusted with southern white corn meal, that, during his stay in Washington, he had his meal from New Hampshire), fresh butter, eggs and milk weekly from the farm, new potatoes (the best I ever saw at this early date, Aug. 10), raised on a partially cleared farm, which last year was covered with bushes. And, remember, trout for breakfast and dinner! And look! the young man who provides, brings on at the conclusion of the dinner plate of candies, nuts and raisins. In the old times, pork, hard-bread and tea were the outfit; but the world improves — or otherwise.

Camp has but little variety. We rise when we get ready, breakfast when that is ready, then pick up our rods, and start off to the upper lake for the forenoon's fishing. C. bought a boat, had a centre-board put in, brought a sail with him, and so, when the wind was fair, saved some muscular force. I hired what was once a boat, so as to be independent and safe; for, said I, it is not always in harmony with my feelings to go out with the party, and so remain alone. Now, should anything happen to you, I should not be left in a helpless condition. I therefore paid twenty cents a day for this old thing which would not hold water. But with some old cotton rags for oakum, a case-knife for a caulking iron, and a hammer, I soon had her as tight as an average boat kept to let on these lakes.

And now, after a week, came in that master of water-craft and lover of the woods, Rev. F. J. Wagner, and son Rob. How many times we have been in the Maine woods together I cannot tell. Bless his great heart! Never so busy but he can find time to aid another, if wanted; never so weary but he has some reserved strength for a weaker brother. We shall meet no more in these forest shades, as he goes to the far West in the fall. The blessing of a grateful heart go with you, O companion of many a happy hour — hours only too soon and forever gone!

MYSTERIOUS THINGS.

Around our camp-fire one night, the above was the topic of discussion, when Wagner related the following: "Two years ago I was here in camp with my wife and two children, Millie and Rob — Millie fourteen and Rob twelve. One day while the women of the party were up on the sandy beach for bathing, Millie lost her ring from her finger in the lake. Of course she mourned the loss deeply. Some time before, I had picked up, when rowing out on the lake, a beautiful loon's feather, black mottled with white, and on one edge of it was a small piece cut out as by the rifle-ball of some marksman, or by the bill of the bird. Anyway, it was a mark sufficiently peculiar to identify it if seen again. I gave it to Millie, who wore it in her hat. But one day we were out up the lake in a stiff breeze, and on our return Millie had lost her feather. Poor child! she thought her misfortunes were multiplying. Some days passed, and we were all up in the bathing cove, when Rob cried out, 'There's Millie's feather!' I turned the boat toward the feather, and Rob reached out to pick it up, bending over the gunwale, with his head pretty near the water, when he shouted, 'There's Millie's ring on the bottom, right under the feather!' He threw off his jacket and shoes, went over (the water was three to four feet in depth), and brought up the ring. Now that feather was dropped in another part of the lake, and the south wind brought it to this spot till it lay exactly over the ring."

A kind of gurgling sound went around the circle, as though the parties found it difficult to swallow something; but he said, "I saw it all." Enough!

Then our conversation wandered off into the regions of spiritualistic theology — of the little known by us to the Connecticut. Not to puff this

would stand abashed by our table. From a Dutch cheese to chow-chow, be-d——d ham, and pickled lamb's tongue (that ham don't sound just right, now it's written; it's "be" something, though I never ate the stuff — Oh, it's "be-deviled," probably from the swamping at Gadara), everything that the ingenuity of Cooper could create from flour and corn meal, both white and yellow (President Pierce was so disgusted with southern white corn meal, that, during his stay in Washington, he had his meal from New Hampshire), fresh butter, eggs and milk weekly from the farm, new potatoes (the best I ever saw at this early date, Aug. 10), raised on a partially cleared farm, which last year was covered with bushes. And, remember, trout for breakfast and dinner! And look! the young man who provides, brings on at the conclusion of the dinner plate of candies, nuts and raisins. In the old times, pork, hard-bread and tea were the outfit; but the world improves — or otherwise.

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And so was postponed, until tomorrow evening, Cooper's story.

A "HIGH TIME" IMPROVED.

BY REV. J. O. KNOWLES, D. D.

The witty and genial pastor of the People's Church has stood on the summit of the "crown of New England," and afforded us delight by his picture of his climb to that "high estate." He has done a good thing, but missed a better. It is nearly six and two-thirds miles from Fabian's to Marshfield whence the mountain road cog-wheels its way towards the clouds. Roads within forty miles of Boston can be found far more delightful to travel than that up the Ammonoosuc valley, bating of course, the view of the White Mountain range. For the rest of the way — well, take two long timbers and lay them somewhere, with an upward incline equal to that of a moderately-pitched house-roof, and then spike them on to staves, say, four inches apart: extend this "Jacob's Ladder" three miles, and climb it, and this will give a fair idea of a pleasure trip for a pedestrian who goes at Mt. Washington from Fabian's.

For a starting place read Crawford's

House. For location it beats Fabian's out of sight — a plateau two thousand feet above the sea, and surrounded by mountains; in front, the lake, which is the source of the Saco; back by the stables, one of the sources of the Ammonoosuc, tributary to the Connecticut. Not to puff this

would stand abashed by our table. From a Dutch cheese to chow-chow, be-d——d ham, and pickled lamb's tongue (that ham don't sound just right, now it's written; it's "be" something, though I never ate the stuff — Oh, it's "be-deviled," probably from the swamping at Gadara), everything that the ingenuity of Cooper could create from flour and corn meal, both white and yellow (President Pierce was so disgusted with southern white corn meal, that, during his stay in Washington, he had his meal from New Hampshire), fresh butter, eggs and milk weekly from the farm, new potatoes (the best I ever saw at this early date, Aug. 10), raised on a partially cleared farm, which last year was covered with bushes. And, remember, trout for breakfast and dinner! And look! the young man who provides, brings on at the conclusion of the dinner plate of candies, nuts and raisins. In the old times, pork, hard-bread and tea were the outfit; but the world improves — or otherwise.

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CANADA LETTER.

The General Conference of the

Methodist Church of Canada has

been in session eighteen days, includ-

ing three Sabbaths, and will not close

for three or four days to come. Some

think that there has been too much talk;

No doubt this witness is true, but

there is probably no deliberative

assembly against which a similar

charge could not be presented. The

Conference consists of two hundred

members, one-half of whom are lay-

men, but the large majority of the

talkers belong to the clergy. Not un-

frequently three or four will be strug-

gling at the same time to get the floor,

and when one has gained his position,

he often merely repeats what has been

said by previous speakers. It does

not seem to an onlooker that some hope

to be justified by their much speaking,

and yet the writer cannot say that

there has been more of this than he

has often seen on many similar occasions.

The Conference is really a fine

body of men. The laymen comprise

gentlemen of various social positions.

Several are farmers, others are mer-

chants, and others, still, belong to the

legal profession, and at least two oc-

cupy the position of county judge;

then we have some sheriffs, and mem-

bers of legislature, and well-nigh

a dozen who have the prefix of

"Honorable" to their names. The

ministers are leaders of their brethren

in their respective Conferences.

Probably all have not acted on the

apostolic advice, "in honor preferring

one another," for Dame Rumor charges

some of them with having had resort

to electioneering tactics in order to be

sent to General Conference. The fact

is, all the Conferences contain so many

good men and true, that some one is

sure to be disappointed by being left

at home.

Hamilton, "the ambitious little

city," is the place of meeting, and is

situated about forty miles west of

Toronto, at the head of Lake Ontario,

easily accessible both by land and by

water. The inhabitants are largely

made up of canny Scotchmen, a fair

sprinkling of shrewd Yankees, a goodly

number of Englishmen, and of

course Ireland is sure to be well repre-

sented, while Germany has also sent

many of her sons to find homes here.

The city has had a prosperous career

for several years past. Every street

contains proof of the happy, prosperous

condition of the people, while the

principal thoroughfares are always

crowded with pedestrians. The writer

has not been in the city for at least

ten years, and the evidence which he

saw everywhere of thrift and enter-

prise greatly cheered him.

Miscellaneous.

REV. DR. STUDLEY'S ADDRESS.

The following address was delivered before the General Conference of the Methodist Church of Canada, 1882, at the reception of fraternal delegates, on Friday evening, September 8, by Rev. W. S. STUDLEY, D. D., fraternal delegate of the Methodist Episcopal Church of the United States:—

MR. PRESIDENT AND BRETHREN OF THE METHODIST CHURCH OF CANADA: After such an outburst of fellowship and fraternity in London last year, among the world-wide branches of the great Methodist family, it seems almost like a work of supererogation for any one branch of that family to send assurances of regard to another branch by the mouth of a fraternal delegate; and yet, after such season of demonstrativeness and rejoicing as that of a year ago, it may be well to assure one another that there has been no serious reaction, but that we are still cherishing the spirit of Methodist fraternity and loving Christian fellowship. We want to assure one another, and at the same time show to the world, that we have not "fallen from the grace" which was attained at the Ecumenical Conference, but that we are "going on to perfection," "hoping in this life to be made perfect in love" of each other, as well as of Him who first loved us.

My errand, Mr. President, is this: it is to bring to you and to the brethren of the Methodist Church in Canada the "most sincere and cordial Christian salutations" of the Methodist Episcopal Church of the United States.

HOW I CAME TO BE A DELEGATE.

Ever since I was appointed to this office of fraternal delegate, Mr. President, I have been trying to understand why I was selected for this errand to you, instead of some other one of the ten thousand or more preachers of our church, seeing that I have no genius whatever for office-seeking, and no ambition beyond or outside of the work of an itinerant preacher. I thought at one time that perhaps I had discovered the secret of my appointment in the fact that, just before the appointment was made, I had been the pastor for three years of one of our bishops and his family; and it occurred to me that perhaps this venerable bishop had persuaded the Board of Bishops that the best disposal which they could make of me would be to send me out of the country! This theory, however, on mature reflection, did not quite satisfy my mind; for, I said to myself, if our bishops were really desirous to be rid of me, why should they send me to a province of Great Britain, in which all probability will some day become an integral part of the United States, when, if I were to live so long, our bishops might have me back on their hands again; so I abandoned that theory!

Then I thought of various reasons, no one of which was altogether satisfactory, until this thought of heredity and genealogy occurred to me. You know, sir, that New England was a section of the United States in which Methodism had a hard struggle originally to get a foothold. That section of our country was so thoroughly preempted by Pilgrims and Puritans that Methodism had a poor chance to get planted with "verge and room enough" to grow. Still, there was a little spot here and there where the doctrine of free grace, as soon as it was preached, took root, sprang up and flourished; and one of these places was among the sensible old sailors on Cape Cod. So when Jesse Lee came along with the message of "free salvation," my maternal great-grandfather, who was then a deacon in the old Pilgrim Church, resigned his diaconate, and, with his good wife, my great-grandmother, joined the first Methodist class that was formed in that neighborhood. So that, although I am a New England-born man, and though I myself have been a member of the Methodist Church for more than forty years, yet I am a Methodist of the fourth generation. I think, perhaps, that in sending me on this errand of fraternal delegate, the bishops wanted to show you their all but only specimen of a New England Methodist of the fourth generation!

But, whatever the reason may have been for my appointment, I find it positively good to be here among you, my dear Methodist brethren of Canada, and I want to talk to you for a few minutes, and in a familiar way, about some things in regard to which we have hopes and sympathies, if not experiences, in common.

LOSSES AND SYMPATHY.

And, first of all, I want to say that we sympathize with you deeply, if not fully, in the loss which you have sustained by the death of your Nestor and more than bishop, Dr. Egerton Ryerson. We have lost men ourselves who were somewhat like him; and, though we believe in that Providence which overrules all things, even separation and death, to the blessing of His Church, yet we know what a sad thing it is to see one who was a tower of strength and comfort to so many hearts fail in the midst of his Christian labors and usefulness. Dr. Ryerson, sir, was well known in our Methodist circles, and was greatly respected and loved by all to whom he was known; so that, when he died, we could say with you that a prince and a great man had fallen in Israel.

Our own losses by death have been by no means insignificant since the last meeting of this General Conference: that many among men, Bishop Edward R. Ames; that outspoken reformer and always genial soul, Bishop Gilbert Haven; his cousin, the man-sided, scholarly and eloquent preacher and educator, Bishop Erastus O. Haven; the venerable and revered Bishop Levi Scott. These men, with others whose names are familiar to you as well as to us, since the last session of your

body have ceased at once to work and live. But we have no fear of any serious check to the work of Christ among men by the translation of any of His workmen to the service and glory of heaven. "His kingdom is an everlasting kingdom." Whatever happens to His workmen, His work goes on. Our business is to be ready for whatever the Master appoints, whether life or death.

EDUCATION AND FAITH.

In the matter of education and especially in the matter of ministerial education, Mr. President, I think I can say that we are endeavoring with ourselves to combine exactness and breadth of scholarship with fullness of devotion in spirit to the work which we have inherited of "spreading scriptural holiness over these lands." Our educational institutions every year are sending out young men who, I believe, will be as true to Christ as their fathers were, and who will be ready to meet the manifold assaults of infidelity upon the citadel of their hopes as the men of past generations have been. We have no fear for Christianity, sir, in its conflict with evil. There may be many dark days—days when it will seem as if the hosts of sin will laugh with hellish glee over what they suppose to be the defeat of the Nazarene; but I think I may say for myself, and for the brethren of the church which I represent, that, though the plans of Satan for the utter extermination of the Gospel and Church of Christ are very broad and very deep, and though, at times, to the eyes of many good men these plans seem almost certain of success, yet we have no tremors of heart concerning the outcome of the struggle. We believe that the Spirit of Christ is yet to conquer this world unto Himself. And, although there may be seasons when many Christian hearts will be more or less dismayed and discouraged in view of the obstacles which lie in the way of the triumph of Christ's Spirit, yet we believe that triumph will come at last, and will be complete. The hindrances to the final triumph of the Gospel may be both numerous and formidable; the great enemy of righteousness is not to be easily overthrown; but, sir, on our side of the Canada line, we do not look so much at what Satan threatens as at the outcome of the struggle. We believe that the Spirit of Christ is yet to conquer this world unto Himself. And, although there may be seasons when many Christian hearts will be more or less dismayed and discouraged in view of the obstacles which lie in the way of the triumph of Christ's Spirit, yet we believe that triumph will come at last, and will be complete. The hindrances to the final triumph of the Gospel may be both numerous and formidable; the great enemy of righteousness is not to be easily overthrown; but, sir, on our side of the Canada line, we do not look so much at what Satan threatens as at the outcome of the struggle. We believe that the Spirit of Christ is yet to conquer this world unto Himself. 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The Sunday School.

FOURTH QUARTER. LESSON III.

Sunday, October 15. Mark 14: 22-31.

BY REV. W. O. HOLWAY, U. S. N.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

I. Preliminary.

1. GOLDEN TEXT: "For as often as ye eat this bread, and drink this cup, ye do show the Lord's death till He come" (1 Cor. 11: 26).

2. DATE: A. D. 30, the evening before the Crucifixion (see last lesson).

3. PLACE: Jerusalem.

4. PARALLEL NARRATIVES: Matt. 26: 26-36; Luke 22: 19-34; John 13: 36-38; 1 Cor. 11: 23-25.

II. Introductory.

It is impossible to say how far our Lord conformed to existing usages in this last paschal celebration. Many of the customs incident to the feast were undoubtedly followed, but no prominence was given to literal observance. The earnest desire of Jesus to keep this last passover with His disciples sprung from a far different motive than to perform a mere ceremony, or recall a past deliverance. He knew that this was the night of His betrayal; that in a few hours He would be seized, and scourged, and scourged, and suspended by cruel nails to the ignominious cross; and He longed for an occasion like this during which, while honoring with solemn and festive rites a signal intervention in the nation's history, He might give to the disciples His parting counsels, and breathe over them His hallowing prayers, and institute for them a simpler memorial to supplement the paschal feast and perpetuate a wider and more spiritual deliverance.

"Having loved His own which were in the world, He loved them unto the end." Only

the series of condensed sketch-like statements, and set forth, his sentiments, his women, and Vannessa, years, are well-written abounding all by Henry George reader whose moral shadowed now at

the harshest of English and brings people, and restlessness, and the nation. The study to the effort in the problem," more than a solution than an at

Mr. Foster made his elaborate

and brings his elaborate

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[ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE, BOSTON, MASS., AS SECOND CLASS MATTER.]

ZION'S
HERALD.

WEDNESDAY, OCT. 4, 1882.

An English exchange recounts an interesting incident occurring in the South Pacific. At Rarotonga, Queen Make-a-one day called her people together, and rebuked severely her constables because they did not put down liquor-drinking. She declared that they had winked at the fatal custom, and that they were of little use except to eat on feast days and to share the fines they collected. She then summarily displaced them and appointed a body of staid, middle-aged women to be constables. The experiment proved wonderfully successful. Nothing escaped the eyes of these women. A large amount of liquor was destroyed. The drunkards were thrown into great consternation, and a striking outward reformation was effected. A venerable old man, who doubtless sympathized with our Dr. Buckley in his views of woman's proper sphere, said, in his prayer, "Lord, we are told that such a plan was never before hit upon in any part of the world. Are we in this matter sinning against Thee? Any way, let the strong drink that occasioned the murder of my only son be put down effectually." To which we heartily say "amen!" and we don't think there was any sin in the novel plan tried by Christian Queen Make-a-one. We should be glad to see it tried in Boston.

Methodism possesses yet earnest and vigorous life, even in cities. About the close of 1868 the editor of this paper, while the chaplain of an institution in New York, preached a number of successive evenings to a little handful of persons, in a vacant store on the Second Avenue, near Seventy-eighth Street. A Sunday-school had just been formed. In 1871, the Sunday-school, which had swarmed into a carpenter's shop and gathered a little church around it, secured, through the aid of the Methodist Church Extension Society in the city, a fine lot of land, ample for a church and chapel, built the latter, and soon filled it with one of the largest and finest Sunday-schools in the city. There were a few devoted, persevering workers among them. For awhile excellent Bro. Longfellow, of the Book Rooms, was their superintendent; but the inspiring and persistent laborer in this field, to whom, under God, its success is largely due, is one devoted Christian woman, who before her marriage was a teacher in one of the city schools. She may, in an important sense, be called the mother of Cornell Memorial Church. Two weeks since (Sept. 21), the corner-stones of the church, which is to be a large and very handsome building, 77 feet by 100, costing \$40,000, seating 1,200 and holding 1,500 in auditorium and gallery, was laid with appropriate services. The Sunday-school now numbers 1,235, and the church 422 members. The present active and able pastor is Dr. W. W. Bowditch.

It is a singular criticism to make upon a convention of *Liberal* Christians, but one that doubtless is well merited, that it was both stringently "sectarian" and "illiberal." A correspondent of the New York *Observer* gives an apparently fair account of the late Unitarian Conference in Saratoga, and adds, in closing: "The most striking feature of the Conference was its intense sectarianism." He remarks that he has attended meetings of all the evangelical churches, but never saw anything to compare with this in denominational exclusiveness. "There was no concealment of this purpose. Every paper that was read had this idea prominent—'How to get our ideas into the minds of others; how to make Unitarians.' No one thought of showing how to make Christians. . . . The one allusion to efforts to teach the poor in mission schools was to ridicule the work." It is a good thing for our Unitarian friends who esteem the rest of the churches to be bigoted, to see themselves as others see them.

Clothed as with glittering armor in his consciousness of having never fallen into open sin or flagrant vice, the moralist repels the command to repent and believe the Gospel. Open sinners, he thinks, he does not. They thoughts are vain, O moralist, for if there be no black spots on thy outward life, the Eye that reads thy inner life has seen that the guide of thy life has always been in-

cination, not duty. It has witnessed thine efforts "to strike innumerable compromises between self-pleasing and duty, which self has had much the best of the bargain." The best thou canst truthfully say for thyself is, that thou "hast tried to please thyself without displeasing God." That all-knowing Eye further sees that the light which has kept thee moral would have led thee up to a true spirituality hadst thou followed it fully; and that it is growing dimmer and dimmer. The voice of Christ cautions thee saying, "If therefore the light that is in thee be darkness, how great is that darkness!"

THE SHADOW LONGER THAN THE SUBSTANCE.

With the sun in a certain relation to us, we often cast before us a shadow of ourselves of exaggerated length. Men who take advanced positions, so-called, upon the doctrines of revealed religion, are quite sure to project a shadow over the community much more extended than their views, as they interpret them, seem to justify. Men like Mr. Smyth, the newly-elected pastor of the Central Congregational Church of New Haven, whose speculative views in no wise affect their personal spiritual life or their earnestness in securing the salvation of their fellow-men; men remarkable, like Mr. Bushnell, for their purity of life and their wonderful moral power, endowed with the gifts of genius and the graces of rare culture, cast, outside of their immediate circle of influence, an exaggerated shadow on the points where they differ from their conservative brethren, and are supposed and affirmed to hold sentiments from which they would turn away with instinctive abhorrence.

As for themselves, they clearly comprehend and express the exact limitations of their opinions. In conference with their brethren, their piety, their prudence, their intellectual power, their careful distinctions, their personal sincerity and magnetism, carry everything before them. Their spirit seems a part of their creed. Such rare, and ripe, and excellent fruit could not grow upon an unwholesome tree. As they frankly present their renderings of the Holy Writings, differing largely, apparently, in definitions, and held in connection with other great central vital truths, of the importance of which they have the liveliest apprehensions, the conviction that is usually produced upon the minds of generous peers is, that while it is misfortune that such minds should be in the slightest degree unsettled, or disposed to accept a dangerously liberal exposition of doubtful words of Scripture, they certainly are disciples of Jesus, exhibit a rare Christian earnestness, are upon the practical and vital points, and, on the whole, that little harm, and possibly much good, can be accomplished by their ministry.

But these men cast a longer shadow than their peculiar creed. No one can measure the possible influence of the apparently small divergence from heretofore accepted truth. How significant the comments made at once in liberal and in purely scriptural prints when such an incident occurs! We do not judge the honest thinker personally by these exaggerated inferences. He doubtless would at once repel them; but he cannot avoid the shadow he casts, and his brethren give an emphatic substance to it by the authentication which they bestow upon him. At once the broad generalization inevitably takes place: The Orthodox Church has ceased to be; its creed is repudiated by its leading ministers. Unitarians, Universalists and Liberals at once rejoice over the significant intimation that justifies their standing protests against Orthodoxy. Ministers and members may not be willing to leave their own churches, they affirm, at once frankly profess the liberal faiths, and unite with those bodies which have long since cast off the old superstitions, but they have forever repudiated their creeds! This is a long shadow for so short a step, but it has already been cast.

This is not the most serious result. A long shadow is cast over young, unformed, ingenuous minds. Young ministers who cannot clearly tell what they do believe, are powerfully impressed with such incidents. They have not the personal intellectual and moral power of the new teacher; they are not so firmly attached to any fundamental doctrines as to be held by them; they are simply unsettled. From such not clearly-understood premises as seem to be established by these original and powerful thinkers, they rush on to more serious conclusions. Thus it always occurs that the disciples of a speculative teacher become confirmed doubters. Theodore Parker would be astonished to listen to some of his intellectual children, and no one would repel with more emphasis and disgust than Mr. Bushnell the doctrines preached by successors upon whom

his shadow, but not the sunlight of his spirit has fallen. Herein is seen the baleful influence of really good men who have turned away from the simplicity of the truth as it is in Jesus, and who, from a broad and tender charity, or from an unconscious pride of originality, have given utterance to purely human hopes and speculations based upon the narrowest possible foundations in Holy Scripture.

Men of a godly sensibility may well stand and ponder thoughtfully before such a responsibility. They may be conscious of the purest intentions; they may be able to point to a spotless life; they may have the suffrages of an enthusiastic following; but what will be the character and influence of the inevitable shadow which they are casting upon the faith of Christian people and upon the minds of unbelievers? No honest man can fail to consider this.

CONVERSION OF JOHN WESLEY.

The key-point in the study of the Methodist movement of the eighteenth century, is the conversion of the founder. Unlike the change produced in the lives of many such eminently pious persons who find the line separating the carnal from the spiritual state an obscure, if not an imaginary, one, the conversion of the great Methodist hierarch forms an important era as well in the progress of Protestant Christendom as in that of his own personal religious experience. No other event in his course was so striking or significant. The passage was from darkness to the marvelous light of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. It was the opening, as it were, of the seals in the hitherto obscure book of his life. At the touch of this divine influence, virtue went out of him to stir, elevate and mould society. All the streams of Methodist influence that have been for a century and a half freshening and revivifying the garden of the Lord, are traceable to this spring-head. Had Wesley remained unconverted, there had been no Methodist movement; possibly in its stead a later Puseyism — a pestilential stream, issuing from the Romish marshes of Oxford ritualism, taking the Methodist name, but bearing to every land it might touch deadly exhalations. The words of the pious Moravian, Peter Böhler, like the green branch of the prophet, proved an element of healing to the spring which has ever since been sending forth sweet waters for the healing of the nations.

This memorable transformation in the religious experience of John Wesley was materially affected by his ardent character and life. He was a born eccentric. From the cradle he exhibited those religious susceptibilities and tendencies, unfolded in more complete form in mature life. Besides starting with this religious bias, he was trained in a household pervaded by a religious hand of a mother, who, to the rareaxon sense belonging to English people of affairs, united the virtues and devotion of a saint. No one could have been admirably qualified to cultivate in the future reformer the temper and tastes of religion. The impress of the household was borne on into the preparatory school and university. At Oxford, where, after a season of carelessness, the early impressions made at home returned with new force, he was drawn to mystic vices and to ascetic and legal practices by the reading of the works of Kempis and William Law. Under these imperfect guides he sought a legal perfection. In vigils and abstinence, as well as in the study of the Bible, prayers and the visiting of the sick and those in prison, he hoped to stand acquitted at the bar of God. Nor were these services in vain. In their painful performance he felt the satisfaction of an honest endeavor to discharge his whole duty to God and man, and experienced, at intervals, the peace and joy which are the fruits of justifying grace. But the experience was not settled and permanent.

For a decade he lived in this legal condition, earnestly desirous to act in harmony with God, consecrated, as it were, upon the divine altar and ready for any service in the Master's cause, yet without an assurance of acceptance. In his journals and sermons the picture of his state is drawn in dark colors: —

"In this vile, abject state of bondage to sin I was indeed fighting continually, but not conqueringly. Before, I had willingly served sin; now it was unwillingly; but still I served it. I fell and rose, and fell again. Sometimes I was overcome and was in heaviness; sometimes I overcame and was in joy. For as in the former state I had some foretastes of the terrors of the law, so had I of this of the comforts of the Gospel. During this whole struggle between nature and grace, which had now [1738] continued about ten years, had many remarkable returns to prayer, especially when I was in trouble; I had many sensible comforts, which are indeed no other than short anticipations of the life of faith. But still I was under the law, not under grace; for I was only striving with, not freed from, sin."

The change was attended by the most beneficial and marvelous effects. His own soul flamed with light and exulted in the new and supernal joy. The clouds so long darkening his skies were dispersed, and the Sun of Righteousness shone in mid-day splendor. By the revolution his experience was incomparably enriched, broadened and deepened. The sober, if not sombre, legalism of the past brightened into a richer, fuller and more triumphant evangelical experience than Christendom had hitherto known. The conversion at Aldergate was an uplift of the Christian world to a higher plane of spiritual life.

The change showed itself, also, in the preaching of the new evangelist. Turning with loathing from the dry moral essays that deadened the pulpits of the age, they charged their sermons with Bible truth and experience. Repentance, faith, regeneration, justification, and entire sanctification, attained through the efficacy of the Atonement, were set forth with ever-renewed iteration and with the utmost intensity. In connection with these doctrinal views, their own recent and their strange experiences gave a zest to their pulpit deliveries. By aid of these weapons, the works of the enemy were carried by.

"It is now two years and about four months since I left my native country in order to teach the Georgia Indians the nature of Christianity; but what have I learned myself in the meantime? Why (what I least of all suspected), that I who went to America to convert others, was never myself converted to God!" (Wesley's Works, Vol. III, p. 60.)

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as then "alienated from the life of God, a child of wrath, an heir of hell." That these descriptions are overwrought, the author himself seems later to have felt; for he inserts qualifying clauses to the effect that he was not sure that he was then unconverted, and that he believed he was not an heir of hell, etc. But if in a salvable condition, it seems hardly proper to class him with the unconverted. In describing, in his sermon, "The Almost Christian," Mr. Wesley evidently had an eye to his own legal experience. The "almost" differs from the "altogether" Christian only by the absence of the element of love. But who can suppose Wesley during all those years of devotion to religious duty was destitute of love? His love may not have been intense or jubilant; it certainly was not entirely absent.

But in whatever category we may place his earlier religious experience, we may be sure it was not of a character to prepare him for the high mission for which God had raised him up. He needed to ascend from the experience of a servant to that of son; to emerge from the condition of struggle against sin to a conscious victory over it; to mount from the state of hope and endeavor, which the Lord by no means despises, to that of assurance, of dominating love, and of the clear and jubilant witness of the Spirit to his adoption. Hitherto he had been saved in part, so as to secure him against exposure to perdition; he needed to be so saved as to exit in conscious deliverance from the dominion and guilt of sin.

Into this exalted state he was conducted by the teachings of the pious Moravians, whom he first met on shipboard in the passage to Georgia. In the fury of the storm his mind was agitated by fear, while those of his fellow-passengers remained tranquil. A heavy sea "split the mainsail in pieces, covered the ship and poured in between decks, as if the great deep had already swallowed us up. A terrible screaming began among the English. The Germans sang on. I asked one of them afterwards, 'Were you not afraid?' He answered mildly, 'Our women and children are not afraid to die!'" In the light of this experience the defects of his own pietistic life were exposed to his view.

On his return to London a couple of years later, he sought out the Moravians and endeavored to learn the secret of their spiritual victory. Among those more especially helpful to the brothers was Peter Böhler, a man of strong faith and clear views. During the early months of the year 1738, he was often with the members of the Methodist circle. As early as February or March, Whitefield and Hutchins were conducted into the new light; and on the 21st day of May ensuing, Charles Wesley came out into a clear and satisfactory experience of personal salvation. John Wesley, though he had learned much from the Moravians, Peter Böhler, like the green branch of the prophet, proved an element of healing to the spring of the new life. The address of Dr. Julius H. Seelye, president of Amherst College, was one of remarkable impressiveness and convincing force. He declared that true faith is invariably attended by dominion over sin, and by constant peace arising from a sense of forgiveness. "Somewhat more reluctantly had he come to accept the instantaneousness of conversion. "I was now," he writes, "thoroughly convinced; and by the grace of God I resolved to seek this faith unto the end, 1, by renouncing all dependence upon my own works; 2, by a reliance on the blood of Christ shed for me." Here he waited in hope. On the 24th of May, as he was attending the Moravian service in Aldgate Street, he came into a more luminous experience which is best described in his own words: —

"In the evening," he records in his Journal, "I went very unwillingly to a society in Aldgate Street, where one was reading Luther's preface to the Epistle to the Romans. About a quarter before nine, while he was describing the change which God works in the heart through faith in Christ, I felt my heart strangely warmed. I felt I did trust in Christ, Christ alone, for salvation; and an assurance was given me that He had taken away my sins, even mine, and saved me from the law of sin and death."

That strange warming was the culmination of his aspirations, endeavors and struggles for the preceding decade. From the narrow and partial forms of religious experience, he had come into "a place of broad rivers and streams," "a land of corn and wine," an elevation with distant and inspiring outlooks on all sides. If before he had been a servant of God, accepted and safe, he was now, in the fullest sense, a son, happy as well as safe, in a conscious deliverance from the guilt and dominion of sin. The Spirit attested his sonship, and the new song, joyous and jubilant, thrilled his soul.

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The Family.

THE SWEET SINGER OF PARADISE.

BY SAMUEL ADAMS WIGGIN.

When Azrael sings his song to me,
Across fair Jordan's purple sea,
My spirit from its burden free,
Shall answer to his call.

He sings such strains of soft delight,
He tells of the robes white
Of that glad world where is no night,
Or dark funeral pall.

And all my soul goes out in prayer;
O mighty Azrael, take me where
There is no night of pain and care,
But everlasting day!

He sings and charms my soul away
From out its prison-house of clay,
A solemn, sweet, and heavenly lay
Of love and joy and rest.

So while he sings my soul away
Unto the realms of perfect day,
I fold my plaid hands, and say,
I come, I come, to thee.

So, listening to that tender psalm,
Of robe and crown and waving palm,
He doth my wayward spirit charm,
And folds me to his breast.

And then on burnished pinions bright,
Up to the home of pure delight
He bears my glad soul in white,
Unto the golden gate.

When Azrael sings his song to thee,
Across bright Jordan's purple sea,
Thy soul shall rise forever free
And live forevermore.

Thy ransomed spirit in that land
Will join the angel-chorus grand;
With golden-sanded feet shall stand
Before Immanuel's throne.

Thy soul shall find her loved ones there,
With palm and crown and robes fair,
Transfigured faces, haloed hair,
Singing that song divine, —

Of Him who died yet lives again,
The Christ of sorrow, Christ of pain,
Whose blood hath cleansed from every stain,
The blessed Paschal Lamb.

The spirit of the Heavenly Dove,
Illums our souls with peace and love,
That we may sing with joy above
The psalm of endless life!

"NOT THE GRACE OF GOD, BUT RESI."

BY MRS. C. F. WILDER.

I was in Mrs. Dunlap's yesterday, and we were speaking about Mrs. Osborn's talk in prayer-meeting the night before. Mrs. Osborn is a member of our church, and one who seems to be satisfied with herself spiritually and mentally; is always on Pisgah's top getting delightful views of the promised land and urging others to come up where she is. I said to Mrs. Dunlap that I wished I could be filled to the full — could be as satisfied as Mrs. Osborn seemed to be.

"Why, my dear," my friend replied, "do you really want your life-force to go out in words? My husband says that that good woman reminds him of a calliope; the steam makes a sort of music, but it would be worth a great deal more if run through cylinders and brought to practical use. Beside that, if you were satisfied, don't you see you'd stop growing? It has puzzled me a great deal to find the *why* of her happiness. Does God really love her more than He does us? Of course not. Has God revealed to her a way to Himself which we can't find? I hardly believe it. Has she merited such bliss? I can't see how. I have known her for years. She comes to church Sunday morning, but never in the evening, for the food then is for 'babes,' and she wants 'strong meat.' She comes to prayer-meeting to tell us what a high state of grace she is in and ask us to come up there with her. I hope I state that correctly; it looks that way. She does not work in Sabbath-school or missionary meetings, call on strangers, go to socials, visit the sick, or go about like Dorcas of old with a helping hand. Her health is poor; that excuses her; but you don't let your ill health excuse you.

"I've been watching you this summer. I thought when you sent your horses out to pasture you'd settle down and get a good rest, but no, you tramp through the heat and dust to church twice a day; you work in Sunday-school, coming home tired and exhausted; you go to prayer-meeting and teachers' meeting, care for the young people's class, go to all the charitable societies, attend socials, and have been doing all sorts of penances just because you want to live so that the Master will say, 'She hath done what she could,' when you get through; and you are astonished that with all your getting you don't get happiness. Only yesterday I heard you say that you felt so depressed that you'd be glad to die. I knew that you did not feel quite so badly as that, for if you thought there was danger of your dying, you'd make a desperate struggle to live.

"And now, my dear, I do hope I am not about to make too strong a statement, but it does seem to me as though the grace of God was not great enough to make a woman happy who has been doing the very things which you have been doing this hot

weather. I beg pardon for saying it if I am wrong, but it really seems to me as though rest and a dose of iron or wormwood would do you more good than the grace for which you so much sigh. If your liver was in as good order as Mrs. Osborn's, you'd be on 'Pisgah's top,' if you wouldn't overwork and thereby tumble down. Why, child, the devil don't ask for a better subject to work upon than a woman who does just as you do.

"Of course, in the present tense, it is delightful to be as happy and as satisfied as Mrs. Osborn. But what would satisfy her would only whet your appetite. She is not so constructed that there must be a constant struggle between her moral sense and her reason; her passions are never at variance with her conscience. How willing she is to feel content with her little round! She wouldn't read anything but her *Kem-pis* and her Bible hardly to save a soul. She would not go to a 'social' if it would make twenty-five strangers feel more comfortable and more at home with us, and hardly to save them to the church and for God and heaven. Who couldn't be at peace if she simply saved her strength to make herself comfortable? If it is *happiness* you want more than anything else, you can get it by simply falling in love with yourself.

"I saw in the *Science Monthly*, the other day, the definition of 'happiness,' and I suppose it really is what we are all seeking, but we never find it till we stop seeking it — except in this way of being satisfied with the place to which you have attained.

"You never will be satisfied until you reach the other shore, so you might just as well stop looking for that experience first as last. And when you get through life, would you be content because you had spent it in rejoicing? Isn't there really something higher in life than just to live to be happy?"

"I asked that question, or said something like that, at the last female prayer-meeting, and Mrs. Osborn replied to me, 'The joy of the Lord is our strength'; so I thought if I wanted to be strong I must be joyful."

"Strong for what?" inquired Mrs. Dunlap in her own brusque way. And without waiting for my answer, quickly added: "I've heard that remark from her before. I don't know from where she quotes, but I can't conceive of the use of so much strength — measuring it by the joy she has — being used simply in speech. When she at last comes before the Master and He asks what she did on earth, I don't see what she can say except, 'Spent my time in rejoicing.' He will say, 'Were you a help to the church? Did you endeavor to keep it in harmony? Did you work heartily with My followers? Were you obedient to those in authority over you? Did you live so that all the world could say, Behold, how they love each other? Did you put self out of sight, and only ask God's glory?'"

Mrs. Dunlap dropped her work into her lap and seemed to watch the red-bird in his cage. I, too, watched the bird and listened to his "chirp," "chirp," and the distant hum of insects, and the swaying of the branches of the trees that surround our homes and shut them in, in a little world of our own two families. But I did more than that. I thought over what Mrs. Dunlap had said, and I realized that it was really grander to live for something better than happiness. I could also realize that my own intense nature with my over-work and ill-health were reasons why I did at times feel depressed; that God was not going to work a miracle and give me peace when I was doing every-thing mortal could to destroy it.

I was mending John's socks. I drew one on my hand and took several stiches one way and then began to darn in and out, in and out, mean-time wondering why I couldn't always feel as rested as I did after a talk with my friend, when she turned to me, saying with a smile, "Yes, I am sure it is not more grace which you need, but quinine, or iron, or rest."

Manhattan, Kan.

COTTAGE CITY CARNIVAL.

This was an occasion to which the term "carnival" was not inappropriate, if it be applied to the picturesqueness of scenery or the excitement that it produces. To an Oriental it might have seemed a shadowing of ante-Lent festivities, but in this case it was the post-festivity, the finale of the moral, literary and social elements of society giving their *feuilleton*.

These features are not objectionable, but counteracting elements are introduced that injure the reputation of the place and ensare the youth and the unwary. There are many places where liquors can be obtained, including hotels, drug-stores, cigar-shops, places of amusement and private storerooms;

and at this carnival, occurring on Saturday evening, with the influx of thousands of people by large excursion boats, besides those of daily occurrence, bringing a large number that have little thought about the sanctity of the Sabbath, the night-ravelings ceased not at morning's dawn, for the pleasure-taker was on the alert to make the most of his time, and man and beast were summoned to his aid. Children and youth sported here and there; street-cars hastened to and fro well freighted with passengers; bands of music sent forth their notes to give hilarity to the scene; the bacchanalian, numbering a host, sought in his cup the feast that gives his soul delight, and was easily recognized in the street by his personnel, and often by his unsteady step. But the crowning scene was the vociferous cheer after cheer and festive laugh in the place of holy convocation, while Christianity in its simplicity was unwarily "casting pearls before swine." Such a scene was painful to look upon, and certainly demoralizing in its character.

The devout of every sect in the midst of these scenes felt to exclaim with our poet, of the fallen spirits, —

"They thron the air, and darken heaven,
And rule this lower world."

Even the holy place seemed to have lost its sanctity on that day, and the words of the ministering priest to rebound as if they found no place of rest. The people were surging about on every side like the restless sea, apparently, Gallo-like, "caring for none of these things." I can only give you the picture in some of its outlines; its deepest shades I leave to more skillful hands.

In conclusion, permit me to ask if this carnival does not involve danger to our youth, and adults, too? Is it not a hindrance to the keeping of God's commandments, and a desecration of a place hallowed by years of Christian associations and consecrations?

AN EYE-WITNESS.

LADY HAVELOCK.

At last they have met again!
Not on the field of the slain,
Not where the fight is won
Under a burning sun;

But away from the toil and strife
They have met in the world of life,
And they walk by the tranquil river
Together forever and ever.

For twenty-five long years
Not on the field of the slain,
Not where the fight is won
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Farm and Garden.

HINTS FOR FALL WORK.

Selected from the American Agriculturist for October.

A PROTECTION FROM FROSTS.

A cold snap usually comes in early autumn, after which there are weeks of the finest days in the year. It therefore pays to take some pains to protect the more tender plants during the summer. Our public meetings have been well attended and ably addressed by the following clergymen and ladies: At the first meeting, Mrs. J. A. Wright of New York read a very interesting and able paper, the subject of which was Paul's idea of woman's work in the church. Mrs. Dr. Tiffany spoke in reference to the McAll mission in France, as she had come under her own observation during the year. On subsequent occasions, addresses were made by Rev. W. T. Perrin of Boston, Rev. S. L. Gracey of Chelsea, Rev. W. T. Worth of Providence, Rev. Thomas Guard of Baltimore, and Rev. F. A. Rose and his wife, returned missionaries from Burma.

At the annual meeting, presided over by the president, Mrs. Dr. Butler, the reports of the secretaries and treasurer were read and accepted, and the report of the nominating committee was presented by Mrs. Dr. Tiffany. That report was adopted, and the following officers elected for the ensuing year: president, Mrs. Dr. William Butler; vice-presidents, Mrs. A. E. Livesey, Mrs. Rev. Dr. Twombly, Mrs. J. A. Wright, Mrs. Rev. Dr. Sewall, Mrs. Rev. S. L. Gracey; corresponding secretary, Mrs. Rev. Dr. Morrison; recording secretary, Mrs. Rev. Dr. Talbot; treasurer, Mrs. Rev. Dr. Upham; with a board of nineteen managers. The president and other members of the society have labored earnestly during the summer to increase the number of members, and they have not labored in vain. Last year we numbered ninety-four members; this year we have advanced to one hundred and forty—a very creditable increase. We have raised \$198.05. Mrs. McIndoe, of Keene, N. H., and Mrs. Allen Simmons, of New Bedford, were made life members.

WHEN TO APPLY MANURE.

The common practice is to cart the manure from the barn-yard once a year, usually in the spring. In this way the hauling is done when other work is pressing, and while the ground is soft. It is better to draw out the manure exposed in open yards, as it accumulates, and drop it in heaps in the fields where it is to be used. With the best facilities for keeping the manure—that is, with a barn-cellar—there is less loss in keeping it under cover, and when well rotted, apply it to the ground just at the time when it will be of the most benefit to the crop. Manure is considered as so much capital used in growing the crop, and bears interest only as it is used by the plants. If beets or soft turnips are to be applied to the ground, there is the risk of the beet being cut, turning, and turning out the valuable fertilizer every month in the year. Grass lands can make use of manure at nearly all times, and upon these it may be spread in winter with economy of labor and excellent results.

NOTES ON CORN AND PODDER CORN.

Corn, over a large part of the country, is late in ripening, and though we should take no risk of its being touched by frost, we could not yet, yet may well take it. Simply cutting, however, before the frost will save the fodder, even though it will be cut after sun down of the night of a heavy frost. The full moon in September ought to be the corn all cut and stooked, over a large part of the country.

Husking.—There is no farm work in the doing of which there is so much difference in men as in this. One man will husk two bushels while another is husking one. Employ good huskers, and pay them by the bushel, if possible. See personally that the bundled stalks are well bound and stooked, if they are to be left in the field.

Sod Corn should be saved while husking, if not before. Take one perfect ear from stalks bearing two or more, throwing it to one side with the husk attached. A perfect ear has all rows perfect, a small butt end, the cob well tipped out with grain and covered with husks, the kernel uniform and well ripened.

Corn Cribs.—It is best, of course, to have rat-proof cribs, but "rat-proof" cribs are just as good for the corn, if well covered with boards or a straw roof. Chickens and turkeys will steal a little, and rats and squirrels have a fine chance at it, but the poultry can be kept, not lost, and the vermin can be kept down by cats and terriers.

The price of corn is likely to rule high, and it is certainly worth while to prevent all loss of this valuable food by unusual care.

SELECTED RECIPES.

Pickled Potatoes.—One peck of green-tomatoes, one teacupful grated horseradish, four green peppers, sliced, six onions chopped fine, one pint of white mustard seed, one table-spoonful each of ground cloves and ground allspice, one cup of brown sugar, about three pints of vinegar, salt and pepper. Boil twenty minutes, and then add vinegar and a little chopped cabbage.

Sprinkled Fritters.—Cut slices of stale bread about half an inch thick, and dip each slice at first into milk and then into a batter, and fry them batter a nice brown. Arrange the slices neatly on a dish, sift sugar and cinnamon over them, and serve with stewed or canned fruit.

Almond Frosting.—Almond frosting makes a delicious addition to a loaf of white cake. Beat the whites of two eggs to a stiff froth—so stiff, in fact, that you could turn the platter upside down if necessary. Stir in half a pound of pulverized sugar and about a quarter of a pound of almonds, blanched and powdered to a paste. Flavor with rose water, and, if you choose, a few drops of almond extract.

Scalloped Potatoes.—Prepare scalloped potatoes in this proportion: Two cups of mashed potatoes, two table-spoonfuls of cream or milk and one of melted butter; salt and pepper to taste. Stir the potatoes, butter and cream together, adding one raw egg. If the potatoes seem too moist, beat in a few fine bread crumbs. Bake in a hot oven for ten minutes, taking care to have the top well browned.

Pickled Apples.—A syrup of four pounds of sugar and one quart of vinegar to seven pounds of apples. Spice the apples and put them in the syrup, boil until tender. Then scald the syrup and pour over them.

For sweet apple pickles, steam the apples until tender, either whole or quartered. Then sweeten and spice, and

pour vinegar over them while hot. Keep in jars or cans.

W. F. M. SOCIETY.

The first meeting of the W. F. M. Society of Cottage City for the season of 1882, was held on the 10th of July. We have held four public meetings and five board meetings during the summer. Our public meetings have been well attended and ably addressed by the following clergymen and ladies: At the first meeting, Mrs. J. A. Wright of New York read a very interesting and able paper, the subject of which was Paul's idea of woman's work in the church. Mrs. Dr. Tiffany spoke in reference to the McAll mission in France, as she had come under her own observation during the year. On subsequent occasions, addresses were made by Rev. W. T. Perrin of Boston, Rev. S. L. Gracey of Chelsea, Rev. W. T. Worth of Providence, Rev. Thomas Guard of Baltimore, and Rev. F. A. Rose and his wife, returned missionaries from Burma.

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In addition to the support of the two Bibles readers in India, for which we are yearly pledged, we appropriated this year thirty dollars for the support of an orphan in the school at Hakodati, Japan, to be trained as a teacher, and to be named Caroline Wright. Mrs. McIndoe pledged five dollars a year for five years for this purpose. T.

A WONDERFUL SIGHT.

More than two hundred persons were received into full connection at St. Paul Methodist Church, Cincinnati, on a recent Sabbath, their six months' probation being completed. This great harvest was the result of the wonderful revival of last winter, in which so many souls were converted. It was most interesting company of persons, ranging from eight to seventy years of age. It is to be expected from one of his poetical ability. He shows that chumlock, like wedlock, is a lottery. He reveals, also, some of the tricks and a deal of the *morale* of college life, and humor is not wanting. "Bark Canoeing in Canada," and "Camping on the Lower Wabash," show the two extremes of the spectrum of the occupations of some of its inhabitants, mainly the negroes who raise early "truck" for the northern market. Three illustrations—if such wonderful productions may be called illustrations—adorn (?) the paper. We have seen the term "fine-tooth-comb style" applied to some engravings of the modern school, but nothing less than a comb with half its teeth gone would apply here! Annie Porter writes of her escape from the Mississippi below New Orleans. Henry A. Bors, of Yale College, writes out a history of his early life in a style that would do credit to any author. The angels love, and God smiles upon, and Jesus calls home, fellow Christians may praise. She is greatly blessed, for there is one more voice in the songs of heaven. Her home is lonely, but in the bosom of the Eternal Love she waits until they all come there. May the beloved all find her there by and by!

A. H. WITHAM.

passed on to the saints' rest, Jan. 20, 1882.

She was born in Portland, Me., May 19, 1857. In 1871 her parents moved to Boston, and were connected with the Egerton Square Church, where, under the faithful labors of Rev. Geo. W. Wilson, then city missionary, Hattie gave her heart and life to God. Soon after her conversion her parents moved to Salem, N. H., where she was baptized and united with the Pleasant Street M. E. Church. She was married to Fred W. Colby, who, with an only son three years of age, is left to mourn, yet "not as others which have no hope."

Sister Colby was an earnest, consistent Christian. From the time she became the subject of saving grace, she felt that she was not her own. Hence her time and talents were consecrated to the Master's service. Her daily life was a constant testimony in favor of Bible religion. Though young in years, she was a blesser to her friends. And the utterance of divine inspiration is true of her: "Be dead, yet speaketh."

E. MARTIN.

Hallowell, Sept. 9.



Sound Doctrine for the Sick. It would be wise to attempt to regulate a chronometer with a pickaxe and sledge hammer, as it is to assault the obstructed and constipated bowels with abrading purgatives. The general and healthful, TARENT'S SELTZER APÉRIENT, which relieves and tones to a remarkable degree, is the safest and surest means of maintaining a regular habit of body, in cases of chronic constipation.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

199

DR. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.

AYER'S Cherry Pectoral.

No other complaints are so insidious in their attack as those affecting the throat and lungs; none is more vexatious than the misery of coughing. The ordinary cough or cold, resulting perhaps from a trifling and unconscious exposure, is often but the beginning of a fatal sickness. AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL has well proven its efficacy in a Jerry year's fight with throat and lung diseases, and should be taken in all cases without delay.

AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL.

"Terrible Cough Cured."

"In 1887 I took a severe cold, which affected my lungs. I had a terrible cough, and passed night after night in bed, with the misery of coughing. The ordinary cough or cold, resulting perhaps from a trifling and unconscious exposure, is often but the beginning of a fatal sickness. AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL has well proven its efficacy in a Jerry year's fight with throat and lung diseases, and should be taken in all cases without delay.

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AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL.

"I have tried AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL in my family, and with great success. I have had to pronounce it the most effectual remedy for coughs and colds with every success. Yrs truly, A. J. CHASE."

"I have tried AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, and after trying many remedies with no success, I was cured by the use of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL. I am now well again."

"I cannot say enough in praise of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, believing it is the best for the cure of chronic coughs."

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Zion's Herald
FOR THE YEAR 1883.
Fifteen Months
FOR ONE SUBSCRIPTION.

The paper will be sent the remainder of the year free to all new subscribers.

Those who wish to subscribe, and do not find it convenient to pay now, can order the paper at once (that they may have the full benefit of the three months offered free), and forward the money between this and Jan. 1.

The price of subscription can be paid to the preacher in charge, or forwarded direct to the publishing office, by post-office orders, or bank checks; or, when these modes of sending are not available, the currency can be forwarded by mail at our risk.

When the full amount of the subscription price (\$2.50) is received, their paper will be credited to January 1, 1884.

We earnestly hope every minister will make an effort to increase the number of subscribers to ZION'S HERALD on his charge.

Lists will be sent immediately to all the preachers.

If any names have been omitted, please inform, and they will be forwarded at once.

Will each reader of the paper inform his neighbor, who may not be a subscriber, of our offer?

From no other source can an equal amount of good reading be obtained for so little money.

The paper contains an average of forty-two columns of reading matter per week, and costs but 5 cts. per number.

Each issue contains articles from a great variety of pens, affording the most valuable information upon all the important topics of the day, while it never loses sight of the fact that it is a family paper, a religious paper, and a Methodist paper. All letters on business should be directed to

A. S. WEED, Publisher,
36 Bromfield Street, Boston.

THE WEEK.

DAILY RECORD OF LEADING EVENTS.

Tuesday, September 26.

Baker Pacha has been entrusted by the Khedive with reorganizing the Egyptian army.

The miners of the Rotherham, Eng., region, numbering 30,000, demand an advance of fifteen per cent. in their wages.

By the falling of a gallery in the Pittsburg, Pa., Exposition building last night, seven persons were injured, two fatally.

Havemeyer & Co.'s sugar refinery, Philadelphia, was partially destroyed by fire yesterday, the loss aggregating \$1,000,000.

The "Pavonia," of the Cunard line, a new steamship, the sister-ship of the "Cephalonia," arrived at New York on Sunday.

Wednesday, September 27.

The small pox is raging at Cape Town; out of 2,000 cases 600 proved fatal.

The Emperor of Austria has subscribed 100,000 florins for the relief of the sufferers by the recent floods in the Tyrol.

The British troops now in Egypt will be reviewed at Cairo on Saturday, and will subsequently depart for England.

A colored preacher, familiarly known as "Old Josh Eddy," died in a wretched condition in Philadelphia yesterday, aged 84 years. It is now known that he was worth fully \$100,000.

The Tariff Commission is holding its sessions in Charleston, S. C.

Thursday, September 28.

Sixty new cases of yellow fever were reported at Pensacola yesterday and six deaths occurred.

The late Caleb C. Dickinson of Hatfield, this State, left about \$100,000 for founding a charity hospital at Northampton.

By the breaking of a dam at Heathville, Va., on Friday night, the dwelling-house of a Mrs. Bush was swept away, and that lady and five children were drowned.

A slight earthquake shock was experienced in St. Louis early yesterday morning; also at Springfield and Centralia, Illinois.

Frost warnings are to be sent to Cape Cod by the Weather Bureau, for the benefit of the cranberry growers.

Friday, September 29.

The Porte has thanked Great Britain for re-establishing order in Egypt.

Secretary Chandler has appointed a board of naval officers to investigate the loss of the Arctic steamer "Jeanette."

An ammunition train exploded at Cairo, Egypt, yesterday; several British soldiers and natives were buried in the debris.

The Mormons having failed to hold an election in Utah, Gov. Murray has appointed officers to fill the vacancies. The polygamous office-holders claim that no vacancies exist, and refuse to surrender. Legal proceedings have been instituted by the governor.

Saturday, September 30.

About fifteen days' supplies for 25,000 men were destroyed in the fire caused by the explosion at Cairo, Egypt, on Thursday.

Henry Edmund Knight has been elected Lord Mayor of London.

Fifty-two new cases of yellow fever and eleven deaths were reported at Pensacola, Fla., yesterday.

The gross receipts of the Post-Office department for the past fiscal year were \$41,265,357—an increase of \$5,047,805 over 1881.

Several business establishments in Ridge-way, Pa., were destroyed by fire yesterday, the loss aggregating \$150,000.

Hundreds of wealthy land owners have been reduced to poverty by the recent floods in the Tyrol.

It has been decided to retain twelve thousand British troops in Egypt for the present.

During the past five weeks the Tariff Commission has visited twenty-two cities, and heard the statements of about 150 persons on subjects relating to the tariff.

Monday, October 2.

A severe hurricane prevailed in Ireland yesterday.

A royal commission has been sent to Pressburg, Hungary, with unlimited powers, to suppress the Jewish riots.

The island of Antioch, in the St. Lawrence river, containing over two millions of acres, is to be sold by auction to settle a lawsuit.

The reduction in the national debt during September will be about \$16,000,000.

The steamer Robert E. Lee was burned on Saturday, while on her way from Vicksburg to New Orleans. Twenty-one persons are supposed to have perished.

An explosion in the torpedo magazine on board the Russian circular iron-clad Admiral Popoff on Friday, killed two officers and about thirty seamen.

Henry Ward Beecher, in his sermon last night, strongly opposed the nomination of Judge Folger for governor.

Mr. E. Dwyer Gray, sentenced on the 16th of August to three months' imprisonment, was released on Saturday on the payment of a fine of \$500.

In another column may be found an advertisement of Messrs. A. Shuman & Co., 440 Washington Street. We always take pleasure in calling the attention of our readers to this firm, for purchasers can feel sure that they are getting the best goods at reasonable prices. In their immense stock may be found garments of all sizes for boys and men. Also the choicest cloths, which will be cut and made to order on short notice.

THE STORY OF A GREAT DISCOVERY.

There appeared not long since, in the Chicago Weekly Inter-Ocean, a remarkable article with the above title, occupying nearly five columns of that able journal. It describes very clearly and with great particularity the inception, development, and successful result of an effort by a thoroughly-educated and intelligent American physician to discover an element, or combination of elements, in nature which would, without a resort to drug-medication, cure diseases through a restoration of weakened or exhausted nerves and life-forces to their normal condition. In order to give the article a still wider circulation than it obtained through the source in which it first reached the public, it has been printed in a neat pamphlet and will be mailed by STARKRAY & PALEN, 1109 Girard Street, Philadelphia, Pa., to any one who will drop them a letter or postal card.

THE STYLE IN TAILORING GOODS.—The firm of Geo. Lyon & Co., 459 Washington Street, is noted for its fine exhibits in tailoring goods, and for this fall and winter has introduced one of the choicest selections to be found in the market. The various fabrics, both of foreign and domestic make, are exceedingly gentle and durable in style, and as all of them have been selected with the greatest care, gentlemen can rest assured of being able to suit their tastes and have the goods made up in the most unexceptionable manner. Gentlemen about ordering garments should make the firm a visit of inspection.

THE REPRESENTATIVE PIANO MANUFACTURERS.—We find Geo. Lyon & Co. this firm is one of the oldest in the country. Their growth has been solid and steady and an ephemeral upspringing, and their position therefore, is unsurpassable and unassailable. They have relied upon the real merits of their instruments, and avoided all clap-trap and trickery. The outcome is a business whose firm and steady prosperity is unequalled. The relative value of Pianos is pretty well known, but a few brief words about the "KNADE" will be of interest. The Tone combines volume and richness with sweetness and purity, and evenness through the entire scale. With so elastic a touch that the piano may be played with the greatest precision without the pedals. In another quality yet this Piano is especially sure—tenacity of holding Tone. Evidence of this is found in their extensive use in conservatories, where the severest of all tests is applied.

We cheerfully recommend our readers to use Adamson's Botanic Cough Balsam.

The greatest pulmonic of the age. A trivial cost but 10 cents and it is warranted to cure every time, Coughs, Colds and Asthma. See advertisement in this paper.

Wheat Bitters have received the endorsement of medical men of the highest standing. These can be shown.

The beautiful display of Tulips, Hyacinths and Crocus which adorned the Public Garden of the city of Boston, Forest Hills, Mt. Auburn and Cedar Grove last spring, and were so commented on by the press and admiring thousands, was furnished by B. T. Wells, now the largest importer in New England. See advertisement headed "Heralds of Spring."

Excessive use of alcoholic drinks cured by Wheat Bitters, prepared by solution and not by fermentation.

The Scarlet, Cardinal Red, Old Gold, Navy Blue, Seal Brown, Diamond Dyes give perfect results. Any fashionable color.

"My daughter has taken the medicine faithfully, according to directions, and her health and spirits are now perfect. The humor is all gone from her face. I wish every anxious mother might know what a blessing Ayer's Sarsaparilla is in Heralds of Spring."

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